

Por. Let not that Doctor ere come neere my house,
Since he hath got the iewel that I loued,
And that which you did sweare to keepe for me,
I will become as liberall as you,
Ile not deny him any thing I haue,
No, not my body, nor my husbands bed;
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it.
Lie not a night from home. Watch me like Argos,
If you doe not, if I be left alone,
Now by mine honour which is yet mine owne,
Ile haue the Doctor for my bedfellow.

Nerrissa. And I his Clarke: therefore be well aduis'd
How you doe leaue me to mine owne protection.

Gra. Well, doe you so: let not me take him then,
For if I doe, ile mar the yong Clarks pen.

Ant. I am th' unhappy subiect of these quarrels.

Por. Sir, grieue not you,

You are welcome notwithstanding.

Baf. *Portia*, forgie me this enforced wrong,
And in the hearing of these manie friends
I sweare to thee, even by thine owne faire eyes
Wherein I see my selfe.

Por. Marke you but that?

In both my eyes he doubly sees himselfe:

In each eye one, sweare by your double selfe,

And there's an oath of credit.

Baf. Nay, but heare me.

Pardon this fault, and by my soule I sweare

I neuer more will breake an oath with thee.

Ant. I once did lend my bodie for thy wealth,

Which but for him that had your husbands ring

Had quite miscarried. I dare be bound againe,

My soule vpon the forfeit, that your Lord

Will neuer more breake faith aduisedlie.

Por. Then you shall be his suretie: giue him this,

And bid him keepe it better then the other.

Ant. Heere Lord Bassanio, swear to keepe this ring.

Baf. By heauen it is the same I gaue the Doctor.

Por. I had it of him: pardon Bassanio,

For by this ring the Doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me my gentle Gratiano,

For that same scrubbed boy the Doctors Clarke

In lieu of this, last night did lye with me.

Gra. Why this is like the mending of high waies

In Sommer, where the waies are faire enough:

What, are we Cuckolds ere we haue deseru'd it.

Por. Speake not so grossely, you are all amaz'd;
Heere is a letter, reade it at your leysure.

It comes from Padua from *Belario*,

There you shall finde that *Portia* was the Doctor,

Nerrissa there her Clarke. *Lorenzo* heere

Shall witnesse I set forth as soone as you,

And but eu'n now return'd: I haue not yet

Entred my house. *Antonio* you are welcome,

And I haue better newes in store for you

Then you expect: vnseale this letter soone,

There you shall finde three of your Argosies

Are richly come to harbour so daile.

You shall not know by what strange accident

I chanced on this letter.

Ant. I am dumbe.

Baf. Were you the Doctor, and I knew you not?

Gra. Were you the Clarke that is to make me cuckold?

Ner. I, but the Clarke that neuer meanes to doe it,

Vnlesse he liue vntill he be a man.

Baf. (Sweet Doctor) you shall be my bedfellow,

When I am absent, then lye with my wife.

Ant. (Sweet Ladie) you haue giuen me life & liuing;

For heere I reade for certaine that my ships

Are safelie come to Rode.

Por. How now *Lorenzo*?

My Clarke hath some good comforts to for you.

Ner. I, and Ile giue them him without a fee.

There doe I giue to you and *Iessica*

From the rich *Lewe*, a speciall deed of gift

After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

Loren. Faire Ladies you drop Manna in the way

Of starued people.

Por. It is almost morning,

And yet I am sure you are not satisfied

Of these euents at full. Let vs goe in,

And charge vs there vpon intergatories,

And we will answer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be so, the first intergatory

That my *Nerrissa* shall be sworne on, is,

Whether till the next night she had rather stay,

Or goe to bed, now being two houres to day,

But were the day come, I should with it darke,

Till I were couching with the Doctors Clarke.

Well, while I liue, Ile feare no other thing

So for, as keeping safe *Nerrissa* ring.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

As you Like it.

Actus primus. Scena Prima

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orlando.
S I remember *Adam*, it was vpon this fashion
bequeathed me by will, but poore a thousand
Crownes, and as thou saist, charged my bro-
ther on his blessing to breed mee well: and
there begins my sadnesse: My brother *Laques* he keeps
at schoole, and report speakes goldenly of his profit:
for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or (to speak
more properly) staies me heere at home vnkept: for call
you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that dif-
fers not from the stalling of an Oxe? his horses are bred
better, for besides that they are faire with their feeding,
they are taught their mannage, and to that end Riders
dearly hir'd: but I (his brother) gaine nothing vnder
him but growth, for the which his Animals on his
dunghills are as much bound to him as I: besides this no-
thing that he so plentifully giues me, the something that
nature gaue mee, his countenance seemes to take from
me: hee lets mee feede with his Hindes, barres mee the
place of a brother, and as much as in him lies, mines my
gentility with my education. This is it *Adam* that
grieues me, and the spirit of my Father, which I thinke
is within mee, begins to mutinie against this seruitude.
I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise
remedy how to auoid it.

Enter Oliver.

Adam. Yonder comes my Master, your brother.

Orlan. Goe a-part *Adam*, and thou shalt heare how

he will shake me vp.

Oli. Now Sir, what make you heere?

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What mar you then sir?

Orl. Marry sir, I am helping you to mar that which

God made, a poore vnworthy brother of yours with

idlenessse.

Oli. Marry sir be better employed, and be naught

a while.

Orlan. Shall I keepe your hogs, and eat huskes with

them? what prodigall portion haue I spent, that I should

come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are sir?

Orl. O sir, very well: heere in your Orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom sir?

Orl. I, better then him I am before knowes mee: I

know you are my eldest brother, and in the gentle con-
dition of blood you should so know me: the courtesie of
nations allows you my better; in that you are the first
borne, but the same tradition takes not away my blood,
were there twenty brothers betwixt vs: I haue as much

of my father in mee,

ming before me is no

Oli. What Boy?

Orl. Come, come,

Oli. Wilt thou la

Orl. I am no vill

Rowland de Boys, he v

laine that saies such a

nor my brother, I

throat, till this other

so, thou hast raild on

Adam. Sweet M

remembrance, be at

Oli. Let me goe

Orl. I will not til

father charg'd you in

on: you haue train

hiding from me all g

of my father growes

endure it: therefore

come a gentleman,

father left me by test

fortunes.

Oli. And what wi

Well sir, get you in

you: you shall haue

leave me.

Orl. I will no fur

for my good.

Oli. Get you wit

Adam. Is old do

lost my teeth in your

ster, he would not ha

Oli. Is it euen so,

physicke your ranch

crownes neyther: he

Den. Calls your

Oli. Was not Ch

speake with me?

Den. So please y

portunes access to y

Oli. Call him in

row the wrassling is

Cha. Good morn

Oli. Good Moun

at the new Court?

Charles. There's

olde newes: that is, th

ger brother the new